On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him diſloyall,
Couragiouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignall to begin.
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and ſet foorth Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his warder downe.
King. Let them lay by their Helmets, & their Speares
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe Dukes what we decree.
Draw neere and liſt.
What with our Counſell we haue done,
For that our kingdomes earth ſhould not be ſoyld
With that deare blood which it hath beene foſtered;
And for our eies do hate the dire aſpect
Of ciuill wounds ploughd vp with neighbours ſword;
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride,
Of skie-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts
With riual-hating Enuie ſet on you,
To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle
Drawes the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleepe,
Which ſo rouzd vp with boyſtrous vntuned drummes,
With harſh reſounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating ſhocke of wrathfull yron armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:
Therefore we baniſh you our territories.
You Cooſin Herford, vpon paine of life,
Till twice fiue Summers haue enricht our field,
Shall not regreete our faire Dominions,
But tread the ſtranger pathes of baniſhment.
Bul. Your will be done; this muſt my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, ſhall ſhine on me,
And thoſe his golden beames vnto you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and guild my baniſhment.
King. Norfolke, for thee remaines a heauier doome

Which I with ſome vnwillingneſſe pronounce,
The ſlie ſlow howres ſhall not determinate
The dateleſſe limit of thy deare exile:
The hopeleſſe word of neuer to returne,
Breath I againſt thee, vpon paine of life.
Mow. A heauie ſentence, my moſt ſoueraigne Liege,
And all vnlookt for from your highneſſe mouth,
A dearer merit, not ſo deepe a mayme,
As to be caſt foorth in the common ayre,
Haue I deſerued at your Highneſſe hands:
The language I haue learnd theſe fortie yeares,
My natiue Engliſh now I muſt forgoe,
And now my tongues vſe is to me no more
Than an vnſtringed violl or a harpe,
Or like a cunning inſtrument caſde vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmonie.
Within my mouth you haue ingayld my tongue,
Doubly perculliſt with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my Iayler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vppon a Nurſe,
To farre in yeares to be a Pupill now.
What is thy ſentence but ſpeachleſſe death;
Which robbes my tongue from breathing natiue breath?
King. It bootes thee not to be compaſſionate,
After our ſentence, playning comes too late.
Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light,
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.
King. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall Sword your baniſht hands.
Sweare by the dutie that y'owe to God,
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelues)
To keepe the oath that we adminiſter:
You neuer ſhall, ſo helpe you truth and God,
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
Nor neuer write, regreete, nor reconcile

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